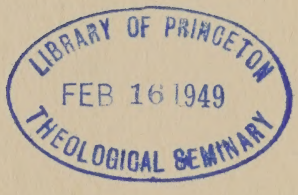


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# ATOMIC POWER AND MORAL FAITH

*by*

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University of Chicago

*Foreword by*
Robert J. Bernard

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA
1946

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# FOREWORD

In this era of unprecedented advance in technology, when humanity is "just learning how to drive," it is now suddenly confronted with a new and unparalleled unleashing of power whose widest use is only a brief matter of time. If such resources were confined to the arts of peace, this momentous discovery would gradually be geared to maximum human advantage. But with the ever-lurking arts of destruction appropriating every tool at hand, it is little wonder that scientists who have released this power and foresee its potentialities are warning us against complacency in the shaping of the atomic age.

A wide discrepancy between scientific progress and adequate social controls for human welfare has long been apparent. A year before the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, Dr. Raymond Fosdick, in his report of the Rockefeller Foundation, emphasized that "the supreme question which confronts our generation today—the question before which all other problems are merely corollaries—is whether our technology can be brought under control." In the full sense of cosmic power and conclusiveness, the issue is now clearly drawn as never before, and only the cosmic mind of man can answer.

* * * * *

It is the good fortune of society to discover from time to time one whose broad grasp of social phenomena makes him exceptionally qualified to deal with our most critical problems and opportunities. Perhaps no one in America combines so fully as does the author of these

lectures the mastery of man's accumulated wisdom with a practical knowledge of its application in civil and military life.

In the midst of all the discussion of atomic fury, it is refreshing to find a soldier, statesman, philosopher, and social scientist who calculates realistically all the risks, yet casts his lot with the Federal Atomic Scientists when they say, and he quotes them, "if the terror of the bomb is great—the hope for man in the release of nuclear energy is even greater."

Indeed, these lectures are a superb revelation of the nature and potentialities of man at this moment. For he is not just some freak of substance working blindly as a catalyst upon other substance and producing magic. He can be everything from a biological accident with mentality to destroy himself to a Socrates with the wisdom to fashion as his home a world of beauty and of wonder, all in a friendly universe.

But if somehow he shall blow himself to bits, let him at least have the grim fun of doing it as a boy playing with powder on a Fourth of July morn. "If worst comes to worst," he says, "let the requiem be our knowledge in advance that with man's dramatic leave-taking there will pass the most gorgeous glow of stardust that ever silted down the crevices of earth. But, as we well know, worst seldom comes to worst."

In the language both of poetry and of logic the author builds a sturdy philosophy of courage founded upon "the knowledge of fear and hope." It is also the courage that some men possess, of being bigger than anything that can happen to them.

He depicts the real nature of war as no longer a game but a holocaust. Yet he is in utter disagreement with the "timid souls" who suggest that we "should not have split the atom, should not have brought with all its dangers this new energy into the world." His is also a deep and discerning fear of the sectarian mind, in all its religious,

social, and political manifestations. The clear separation of church and state, he sees as no less than "the greatest constitutional contribution America has made to the world."

T. V. Smith's support of the policy for "the denationalization of the dangers and the internationalization of the benefits of nuclear physics" through an Atomic Development Authority; his penetrating grasp of the significance of developing the United Nations as our best line of progress in international relations; his faith in gradualism; his assertion that "federalism, toward which the unity of nations moves, is the most potent social formula known to man—operating through the consent of self-respecting sovereigns"—and resting "on democratic foundations;" his realistic and basically hopeful interpretation of Russian-American relations; and his practical suggestions for dealing with our advance knowledge of nuclear energy—all reveal the range and profundity with which this eminent scholar and statesman has considered the supremely important question of how man can still be master of events.

The Associated Colleges at Claremont—Pomona College, Scripps College, and Claremont College, with its Graduate School and Undergraduate School for Men—have long placed a major emphasis upon the social sciences. As further evidence of their vital social concern, it is thus especially fitting for them to publish these lectures. The colleges do so with deep appreciation to their author and to the group of more than a hundred public-spirited sponsors whose interest and support have again assisted in making the lectures possible under our auspices.

Robert J. Bernard,
Managing Director,
Claremont College.

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# ATOMIC POWER AND MORAL FAITH

# I.

## HIGH COURAGE FOR THE ATOMIC AGE

*"Courage is the Knowledge of the grounds of fear and hope."* —*Socrates.*

AGITATED by a novel and imminent danger, sensitive citizens are today caught up in a new urgency. We must act, voices say; we must act vigorously, they say; we must act immediately, they say, while yet there is time—if time indeed there may yet be.

So the churches are consecrated to action. So the schools are organized for action. So the scientists are federated for action. And thus the politicians get lobbied to act. Thus the nations are awakened and alarmed. All is nervousness. Trigger-happiness takes the place of calm reflection, and dependable discipline is lacking in the face of the danger that most requires it.

Where is the faith of the Founding Fathers in the perfectibility of mankind and their confidence in their sons to hold a steady light to Fate? Where indeed is the faith of that sagest of all their sons?—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—who declared in the ripeness of his years: "I have no faith in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin."

Now it is natural, because animal, to fidget when cornered; animal it is, and elemental and unfruitful. Random gestures do not constitute a plan of action, nor fear create a strategy adequate for security. It is true that men are born acting; but they are born not

merely to act but also to think. Men, that is, are born animals with the mission laid upon them to become spirits, to become spirits on pains otherwise of ending where they begin, as animals. Action prescribed, like most exertions required of the good, is chiefly counter-action to action feared from the evil. And all this in our day of peril before the evil ones are identified, or evil itself is adequately defined. Are we afraid to wait lest we ourselves be found to be carriers of the evil which we fear? The chances are that more faith in ourselves would give us more confidence in mankind, and more patience with which to confront our Fate.

It all sounds like an ancient tale—a romantic dream "badly damaged at the birth." If one man by praying alone could be heard in heaven, so a certain legend ran, then all men by shouting altogether could prove irresistible before the Powers on High. So the agreement was honorably made for all to shout together at exactly the same moment; the day was set, the hour came, the moment struck for the mighty noise—and not a sound was heard. Everyone succumbed to the temptation to renege, just himself, in order to sneak an ear in on the cosmic hubbub to be produced by all the others!

A philosopher's contribution to the unquietness now sweeping the land over the atomic bomb must perforce be modest. It is but the call for a quiet hour of reflection before we get rushed into action impetuous enough to create, if there be but an unfortunate slip or two, the very evil that the action is called forth to cure. I propose the hard but rewarding work of understanding before action. I make bold indeed to broach to you a philosophy of life based on courage and climaxed with a moral faith for the atomic age: courage for its dangers, yes; but, even more, faith, too,

for the inspiring possibilities of a new epoch of unparalleled power.

## I. COURAGE: FOR DEATH

The essence of the philosophy I shall propose is courage: courage to meet death unflinchingly, if that prove the desperate order of our new day; courage also to meet the dawn of a new age of energy and production, if that be due; but most of all, courage to make the possibility of today become the actuality tomorrow, in spite of the tidal undertow of fear now running strong throughout the world. It is not the mission of faith, as the traditional-minded have always thought, to body forth the pre-existent, but to picture the non-existent so intriguingly and so steadily as to transform the possible into the actual. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." The task and test of faith is to create, not to convert.

Already you will see that my message is Grecian, repairing for inspiration to that fountain-head of Western philosophy when the world was young and sojourning there for perspective upon Mount Olympus with gods too impotent to be fully presumptuous and yet ambitious enough to unite their energies with the energies of men in order to circumvent, if possible, that cosmic frustration otherwise the common fate of gods and men. The Greek experience, however, with even such cooperative gods should have taught all subsequent free peoples that in theology, as in politics, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Apollo lost his courage before Salamis and advised the Athenians to give up their lovely city and flee to "wooden walls." "What god abandoned, men defended," and a new age of faith and freedom was initiated by high courage in the face of Fate. The example is enough to throw

us back from even Grecian divinities to the philosophers who with modesty befitting their free minds counselled men to cure their ignorance with elemental courage to face a growing truth.

It was Socrates who first spelled out for us in full the lesson which we must make the keynote of our philosophy for this age, as he made it the motif of his own life and death. Courage is imperative, he said. But it is not courage to be foolhardy and advance when you ought to withdraw. It is not courage to withdraw when you ought to stand and fight. Ignorance will impair any claim of virtue. Not to know *when to do what* blanches the face of courage. Courage, in short, is knowledge—so that one will see when to stand and when to retreat. Not mere clairvoyance, however, courage, as Socrates immortally put it, "is knowledge of the grounds of fear and hope." Courage so conceived is clearly the final salvation of man. Without this attitude all is lost, and with this facing-up to Fate, nothing is ever wholly lost. Socrates forfeited his life on such a philosophy, but he did not forego his influence, but rather fulfilled his mission. Truth to tell, he "forgot himself into immortality." How could he lose, even in death, knowing as he did *its* grounds to fear and hope?—if death ushered in immortality, all was felicity for Socrates; if death brought nescience, all was everlasting unknowingness without a pang or twinge.

Let us now, without loss of motion, transfer this attitude to our own age, with the atomic bomb in the very center of our fears and the high prospect of new energy for our use at the heart of our most romantic hope. The trouble with the combination is that the fear may easily circumvent the hope; for fears have a way of making themselves come true, as the flinching eye

is said to identify for the vicious dog the victim he can safely bite. It is unfortunate that the fear and the hope have to come together, but so it is. A common fountain-head for despair and triumph may have one advantage: it may force us to make up our minds, as we never quite have, on the question of war.

There are of course disadvantages to ushering in a new power age with a bomb. The lurid attracts the attention of the morbid and tends to divert the concern of even the sane. The diversion obscures the greatest of all problems with the most pressing of all predicaments: it substitutes, that is, for solicitude over justice, which new power makes problematic again, immediate distress over the possibility of self-preservation. These disadvantages are real but far from conclusive. We must take things as we find them, and in this case we must face up to our dangers for the sake of our prospects. No price short of extinction is too great to pay, and extinction is worth risking, to surpass the age of electricity even more than electricity has surpassed the age of steam. We moderns are the ambivalent children of a miraculous possibility. "If the terror of the bomb is great," say the Federated Atomic Scientists, . . . "the hope for man in the release of nuclear energy is even greater."

There are also advantages in having a hope so great and a fear so desperate come together. It might, as I have said, precipitate in mankind a radical decision. Heretofore, it seems that we have wanted peace—*and* war. We have said we wanted peace, but actually the boredom of peace has now and then given us a yen for highly dramatic doings which war alone seems able to furnish wholesale. Count Ciano, in his diary, says of Ribbentrop in 1939: "He rejects any solution which might give satisfaction and avoid the struggle. I am

certain that even if the Germans were given more than they asked for they would attack just the same, because they are possessed by the demon of destruction." He reports of Mussolini the same: "Even if he were to obtain by peaceful means double what he claims, he would refuse."

As our peace has been not unakin to war—cutthroat competition, fierce fatigue, and incarnadine gossip—so our wars of the past have partaken mildly of the nature of peace: rules of the game, noblesse oblige to fighting enemies, quarters to captives, and immunity to noncombatants. Thus and not otherwise we have sought to make war an adjunct of peace, intermittently compensating for the unendurables of routine and boredom. We have wanted, in a word, to kill our enemies, but not to kill them off.

Now comes the atomic bomb to show us what the true nature of war is, and would have been right along if it could have fulfilled its inner genius. War's not a game, not really; it's a holocaust. It has appeared a game only because we have hitherto been unable to fulfill its potency. It was from the Germans that we first got a full inkling of this. "Total war" was shocking to our ambivalence: ruthlessness to soldiers, soniness to civilians, no quarters to captives, slave-labor for the conquered. All this and the constant threat of "secret" weapons. We bit our lips and rebelled violently at the lesson they were trying to teach us: the lesson that war is no longer a game. But so deep is the illogic that lies between war and civilization and so tidal the undertow pulling us to the choice that we converted ourselves with our own invention, a fulfillment of the genius of war more lethal than their most horrible perpetrations. We outdid our enemies in desolation, and arrived all at once at the threshold of a conclusion

toward which the Germans, and later the Japanese, had been pushing us.

Through the cooperative efforts of three free and democratic peoples we have unleashed a Frankenstein so ghastly in potency that it threatens at once to sweep out of our minds all the illogical pieties as between soldiers and civilians, as between women and men, as between children and adults, as between war and suicide. Even if not quite as bad as painted, the bomb is an apparition so deathlike as to prompt the question: "to be or not to be." Even if we could ourselves monopolize and cheapen its power, it is too tricky to risk even in the hands of our friends. One accident and a whole army or city is gone.

The cost of war has become, if not downright prohibitive, so clear and so conclusive that we feel ourselves pushed for the first time toward the brink of choice: war *or* life—not both. If we choose to take the risk, we cannot say that we didn't tell ourselves what the odds were. Cast that die and, as the poet says,—

> No one will whisper to us,
> There will be no one to whisper to.
> Only silence; not even forgetting . . .
> . . . No one left to talk to, and worry,
> Not even to ask, Did you hear the last explosion?
> (Robert Nathan)

There is indeed this great advantage to having the rainbow of atomic promise show up at the heart of a typhoon: It may precipitate the most radical decision that mankind has ever made, the decision to do away with war, that man-made typhoon. That is a decision, however, which we ourselves, sitting here, cannot make, alone. Peace takes two, war takes only one.

And against the type of unilateral decision which Count Ciano credits to Ribbentrop, and Mussolini, we dare not be unprepared.

We must, in short, risk annihilation by the bomb in order to exploit the chance which atomic energy offers for human emancipation. I suppose that it is arguable, though I take no stock in the argument, that we should not have ourselves used the bomb against the Japanese. (In Japan I heard no Japanese, indeed, so argue.) It is arguable, though I would not argue it, that we ought now to stop the manufacture of the bombs, destroy all those manufactured, and make away with the formula. But it is not arguable, as some timid souls suggest, that we should not have split the atom, should not have brought with all its dangers this new energy to the world. That is treason to truth, that is the sin against the Holy Spirit of human hope. Such spiritual timidity is a complete denial of the courage of the open mind and the intrepid heart.

It is not foregone, as the fearful think, that mankind will destroy itself with the bomb. *We* are not going to destroy anybody with it, not now. Nobody is going to destroy *us* with it, not now; for nobody else has it, now. There is time to take stock, lest in a flutter we fly backward from our own magnitude or fly forward from ills we have to greater ones we know not of. There *are* greater ills. Mankind had much better go up in smoke than live, for instance, afraid of those vast creative powers that have given being to the bomb. A world state in the hands of tyrants (the most likely masters of any such world state as that now dreamed of by those suffering from the atomic ague), such a world state would be riskier than the bomb. Who would not rather die at once than live to be

tortured by men with all power and no ideals? There is time to work this out right. Those who say there isn't have not yet faced the courageous soldier's choice: *that to die honorably a little earlier is preferable to dying dishonorably a little later.*

The simple courage to risk death for the prospect of a democratic world is preferable to jumping at the concentration of such power in centralized hands. Risk for the right is never too much to ask of man. Nor is the courage obsolete or even obsolescent to stand our ground even for an atomic war against any undestroyed totalitarian power which would exploit our fear to cower us into submission before its encroaching tyranny. I for one do not blanch to name the name of Russia in this connection. I do not hold war with Russia either inevitable or impossible: not impossible, for Russia is communistic—a blatant, self-righteous, surreptitious, proselyting sectarianism; not inevitable, for Russia was Russia before communism, may be Russia after communism, and is full of people not exhausted by any 'ism all the changing while. The risk of our dealing with her dynamically is not too great for courage to bear with equanimity.

We can face the challenge without twitching because (A) we are not afraid of Russia and (B) we are not afraid of death. The *grounds* of this lack of fear are: (1) We have the bomb and will keep the go on Russia even after she has the bomb. (2) We have democracy, and she has not, not yet; and (3) as touching extremity, we know that it is better to die as free men fighting tyranny than to live in an atomic world where brothers lovingly liquidate one another in the name of sectarian comradeship. As the atomic bomb was necessary to warn the world as to the unequivocal genius of war, so one might hope, though not too

strongly, that the lethal nature of communism as a secular sectarianism might warn us all as to the true and lasting nature of sectarianism itself, whether secular or sacred. So certain is sectarianism itself our most intimate enemy that I shall return to it in a broader context toward the end of our investigation.

Meantime, let us look our atomic anxiety full in the face. Fear is the worst possible equipment with which to meet dangers as great as these. The worst that an atomic war could do would be to cleanse the earth of man. Face that holocaust and die like a man with your kind. Go up in heat and flames as your high ideals go up in smoke. You have put yourself to the test, have met yourself triumphant in death, and then have presided at your own dramatic funeral. There are worse ways of taking off than that. And besides you are not dead at all but still alive with probably many years to work quietly at the world's salvation.

Wise men have known forever that to face the worst in imagination is steadying preparation for making the best of things in actuality. Men who have faced death and survived are better prepared to meet both death and life courageously. They have surveyed the *grounds* of their fear and have thus taken the measurement of themselves. It is in this way perhaps well enough that millions of men and women who had not the lesson of courage on the battlefields should here at the end of the war join their sons, fathers, and comrades in the supreme imaginative test. The atomic bomb has made us all vicariously comrades in doom, and should leave us all, when the terror is past, steadier of nerve. It is a poor time to lose our heads when only by keeping our heads can we prevent the ugly imaginative from becoming the uglier real. "That which has been long expected," says Seneca the sage, "comes

more gently,"—and, we may add, *frequently does not come at all.*

Indeed, with this gentler perspective upon the problem, the waging of war with atomic bombs would probably not prove as bad as the worst imaginings of it, though bad enough. If worst come to worst, let the requiem be our knowledge in advance that with man's dramatic leave-taking there will pass the most gorgeous glow of stardust that ever silted down the crevices of earth. But, as we well know, worst seldom comes to worst. Almost certainly from the greatest possible cataclysm there would survive a few in deep caves here and there. And these survivors, of sides equally vanquished, being men *and* women, would at length begin to fraternize, making "love among the ruins," and, fraternizing, to re-people the earth. Their children, if not they themselves, would start again and again, to climb the great "White Tower" of aspiration, man's pinnacle of hope made imaginatively radiant in the sunlight of justice and everlastingly crisp with the expectancy of peace.

## II. LIFE REQUIRES HIGH COURAGE, TOO

Aye, there's the rub of peace: Justice. If only a few survived ruination, the oldest problem of man would then be the newest problem of the survivors. Having therefore now faced our fears unfearfully, let us proceed at once to meet our hopes hopefully. The faith of the modern materialist is that through science—such science as splits the atom—there may be more and more goods at less and less cost to distribute to more and more people. The faith of the modern idealist is that men will achieve more and more of justice in the distributive process (counting the burdens to be allocated no less than the blessings to be passed

around). Seeing in this brighter mood that both materialist and idealist are "children of light," let us hope that not annihilation but emancipation becomes the human problem. Life no less than death permits and rewards heroism. It takes generosity to see the plight of others, as one feels his own. It takes courage to declare the rights universally which generosity discerns. It takes magnanimity to see courage through to its fruition.

There are natural difficulties and human enemies enough to make uncourageous men quail from the responsibility attending the prospect of atomic emancipation. The subjection of some by others represents the standard human risk. Wherever new power flows —and the greater the power the greater the risk of monopoly—there hungry men will be found busy creating bottlenecks to their own advantage or strategically guarding the mountain-passes in order to monopolize for themselves the promised land. To break the bottlenecks and to grade the mountain-passes: this is work for pioneers.

What discouragement attends the responsibility of freedom, and what stalwart faith is needed to see vision through! The slow and steady attrition of aspiration is the final challenge to high courage: the fretting of talent against the bars of conventions that are harsh but uncriticized; the suppression of rightful discontent; the smudginess of mediocrity holding its superiors in leash; the horrid waste of ingenuity in a world slowed from its ideal goal for lack of that very ingenuity and talent. It is to this aggregation of little injustices that every new age of power opens the door. Steam ushered in a period of grave exploitation of the human element: children, women, men—around which centered agitation, political pressure, eventual reform. Electricity ushered in an age of corporative manipula-

tion and legislation intended the world over to democratize production and distribution of this marvelous new magic. The discovery of any new natural power must motivate the struggle for social power to become operative through political means. We are in for an age in which political courage will be at a premium.

Not only is the problem of the atomic bomb, as has been said, a political problem, but the solution of that problem by the laying of our fears will deposit a whole new crop of arduous opportunities. Having dropped the lurid and foregone the dramatic, it is now in order for us to seize upon the essential of this new problem and to begin exploiting of the lasting. Uncontrol or wrong control of this new energy is likely to do more lasting harm in peace than it has ever done or will likely ever do in war.

Our rational fear therefore lies not outside but inside the field of our greatest hope. Justice is still the essential human cry, and inequality is still the hardest nut for mankind to crack. One reason that inequality is so hard to correct, is that its correction requires power, power which always "tends to corrupt" and if absolute (with Acton) "corrupts absolutely." To control military power, for instance, we must have civil power, and have it supreme over the military. But power enough to correct injustice is power enough to subvert justice. This is a risk, however, we must run regardless, and a risk we must run all the more rapidly because of the gift on our doorstep of unparalled technological power through atomic fission.

## III. ENEMIES OF JUSTICE: THOSE WHO WOULD CONVERT PEOPLE RATHER THAN CREATE NORMS

Since justice is a growing thing and must be newly fulfilled in each generation, its chief enemies are those who, whatever the cause, stand in the way of its

accretion. Justice requires not mere application, but constant creation. Monopoly-minded individuals and conscience-driven groups (converging at times toward the same unhappy ends) are the chief enemies of the faith required to fulfill our high courage. While our intent is constructively to develop this faith, they also serve who hold the fort of freedom against the foes of growth.

There is here a paradox to be pondered by the moralist intent upon progress. There is a will-to-perfection and there is a will-to-power, both mightily existent among men and both necessary for any high good. They tend, however, to cancel each other out. We need another Lord Acton, indeed, to make us know that perfection also tends to corrupt and that corruptible perfection corrupts men most imperfectly. For if we were told the stark truth about man's will-to-perfection, as the noble Lord has told us the truth about the corruption of power, we would see without further ado why the faith adequate for the atomic age must be moral rather than what is called religious faith. Sectarian faith fastens itself on some pre-existent as norm and makes it its business to convert people to that normative fixity. Moral faith, to the contrary, dwells on human potency and makes it its business to create norms relevant to and adequate for man's developing powers.

The two need not be incompatible, but they frequently are—and the pains of making and keeping them harmonious involve all the paraphernalia of democratic politics and all the painful parturition of parliamentary compromise. When individuals are moved by power or groups by perfection, then the trouble begins—and the more natural energy there is at stake, the greater the trouble that is brewed.

As touching the evolution of its democratic faith, America was lucky from the beginning in two regards. Our chief statesman of the spirit was not a power-hungry man. Thomas Jefferson he was, enamored of perfection. Our chief group lesson was learned from the Puritans, a power-hungry group, and what they taught us we shall not soon, or I hope ever, forget: namely, that when groups fall in love with perfection they grow intent upon power with which to implement their perfection; and when conscience-driven men get together, freedom is always at stake. It is indeed the sectarian mind—the more hazardous the more honest it is—that balks justice and frustrates any other aspect of the ideal it takes for its own. The reason is strange if simple: the sectarian temperament frustrates the growth of the ideal because it thinks it already possesses the full-grown ideal, and like a jealous steward it means to monopolize and protect what it possesses. To inherit a *conception* is fatal to this temperament, for it nurtures the prejudice that virtue is somehow pre-existent, that the pre-existent good has been delivered once for all to the saints, and that whoever preaches any other gospel than this predetermined is accursed—and should by rights be excommunicated, if not indeed liquidated. What remains as duty to the faithful sectarian is, therefore, not the hardest job of all human jobs, that of creation, but the ignoble task, that of subverting others to his pre-existent norms. By this you shall know the true sectarian—whether secular or sacerdotal—that he alone has the truth (or justice, or whatever); only others are sectarian—and they should not be allowed to spread their poison.

America was lucky, I say, in early getting wise to this sacerdotal sectarianism. The Puritans put us in

their eternal debt, by scaring us of the stocks. In Massachusetts this brand of sectarianism was a kind of soviet of the saints who knew what the truth was, knew where it was, were commissioned to defend it, and proceeded to make religious progress as impossible as they could through the presumption of logical perfectionism already achieved. Immortal as well as immoral is the example furnished us by John Cotton: he declared in the white heat of fanaticism that he drove Roger Williams, another but freer sectarian, out of Massachusetts, not because Williams followed his conscience, as Williams charged, but, the rather, because Williams *refused* to follow his conscience in doing what he and everybody else knew to be right!

The claim of a monopoly on truth, any truth, kills as far as it can, the spirit of truth, which is a dynamic unfolding essence. This monopolistic spirit attacks the very roots of freedom. Swing across the American decades from John Cotton in the 17th Century to see that sectarianism is not dead in the twentieth century, nor is confined to Puritanism. Hear a mid-western prelate declare, in 1945, that his church members "should not participate in any public presentation with members of other faiths under the auspices of religion" . . . hear him declare that his church "cannot give the impression that one religion is as good as another or that she must strive with those of other faiths for a common denominator in religion" . . . hear him declare, however, nevertheless and notwithstanding, that of course his group "wholeheartedly condemns bigotry in every form." The biggest bigot of all is the one who dares to claim purity in the practice of bigotry.

Across the centuries the forms of sectarianism are many but the spirit is the same: to condemn everybody's faith as dangerous save one's own. Since each

sectary condemns all sectarians, that makes it unanimous, and leaves us Americans newly wise to the necessity of having a moral norm by which to judge every sectarian faith that claims to have a monopoly on truth. Jefferson, who disdained the motivation of power, was our early statesman of this moral faith. He had the wisdom and the courage to handle sectarianism the only way it can be handled, save through succumbing to its own narrow spirit. Jefferson, that is, pitted sect against sect to chasten one another's monopolistic spirit through the fires of competition in virtue and in piety. "By bringing the sects together," Jefferson writes, "and mixing them with the mass . . . we shall soften their asperities, liberalize and neutralize their prejudices, and make the general religion a religion of peace, reason, and morality." Is there as yet or ever any other way than this to give warring religious faiths a modicum of the moral?

Now this personal strategy of precipitating a moral faith from the intercancellation of the creeds was good but not good enough until it became a public policy. This it became through the mediation and persistence of Jefferson. It rose to the dignity of the established law of the land, imitated elsewhere in every age since, only yesterday written into the Russian constitution, and tomorrow borrowed by the brand new constitution of Japan. What I refer to is the famous and beneficent doctrine of the complete separation of church and state. This doctrine is supposed by most to protect the churches from the external power of the state, and of course does so. No less important, in the light of our own history, however, is the protection it gives the state against the sectarianism of the churches. By dividing them it provides each all the freedom it can effectively use, makes it impossible for

the monopolistic spirit of any to estop general spiritual growth, and keeps America the haven which it is, for a moral faith that constitutes the commonalty of the warring creeds or becomes their just corrective.

If you wish to see what a haven it is, think of America as you read this dispatch in the *New York Times* of February 25, 1946, from Spain, where the exact opposite doctrine prevails. Note to what end powerful sectarianism puts its monopoly where it has immunity from equally pious competitors and from state correction. Says C. L. Sulzberger:

"Freedoms of press, conscience, worship, assembly, and instruction are described as 'pernicious', and liberalism is categorized as a sin in the newest church catechism just printed in Spain . . . it is required reading in all State elementary schools. . . . The Catechism informs children a state cannot be a lay state. . . . Because of this view Liberalism is assailed firstly since it is said to teach 'that a state is independent of the church.'

"Furthermore," Sulzberger continues and concludes, "liberalism is attacked for defending liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, and a free press."

But sectarianism is not confined to any one church, nor, of course, to the religious area. Washington feared it more in the secular field. So he warned in the most solemn tones in his famous Farewell Address against sectarianism in politics. The narrowed spirit may take the form of race or class or creed prejudice. Wherever found and however covered, any group that claims a monopoly upon truth or virtue is a menace to mankind. It may be only a mouse-like menace, but it's as bad as its strength permits it to be. Sectarianism is the effort to monopolize the *roots* of freedom, precisely as other overt forms of monopoly want a corner on the *fruits* of freedom. It is monopoly that's the evil; and

it is for that evil that we must be more vigilant than ever as we enter the atomic age.

Our salvation in the past will be our salvation in the future, if saved we are to be. Washington's fears of political parties have been proved relatively groundless. Jefferson, who trusted the political process, because better than Washington he knew its *grounds*, proved indeed wiser in his fears of non-political sectarianism. It is politics indeed which has proved its own cure and the general cure so far forth. It's secret has been to pluralize power, wherever power is found. We scattered our sovereign power between the states and the nation, and then dissipated the central power among three equal branches of government. We divided power between two great parties, leaving the way open to competition from other parties that might arise. We separated the church and state, and, knowing that it is better to have no church than to have only one, we have pluralized the perfections of the saints and kept their power to an utter minimum. It is curious that fallible politics should have to be the arbiter of infallible perfection, but so it has been and is. We need not fear totalitarianism in government as long as we afford opposition parties, and we need not fear it in religion so long as we have a multiplicity of sects, with equal opportunities guaranteed and maintained to each by law. We must now follow the career of American courage into the political arena, for the genius of American politics as it emerges into a moral faith is, in all probability, to become the pattern of power for the whole world throughout the atomic age.

## IV. COURAGE AND POLITICAL WISDOM

Never doubt that democratic politics, like our own, takes courage. It is the hard risking of one's bigger

against his littler self, of his better against his worst thought, of the creative as against the conservative impulses of both oneself and others. We were lucky in America at the prime to have two great men of diverse temperaments but of this common courage: Jefferson and Hamilton, the one driven by a lofty will-to-perfection, the other by a deep will-to-power; the one trusting the majority of people to bring to birth a better-yet-to-be, the other trusting only a property elite to hold the fort against the unruly many and relying upon the stamina of the status quo to safeguard the values of civilization.

Yet both had courage and from courage faith arose. Hamilton's courage to face Burr upon the field of honor and to meet his self-invited death was great, but greater still his courage to keep Jefferson out of jail when the sedition laws could have had himself quit at once, and that legally, of his most pestiferous enemy. He knew the grounds of his fear of the people, knew the grounds so well that he would brave any majority to guide them toward his own way. He knew the grounds of his confidence in the elite, knew these grounds so well that he counted his chief enemy as of the elite. Jefferson had courage to face bitter religious persecution all his life rather than let people know that his own beliefs were more respectable than was thought. The ground he gave, a ground as democratically sound as it was personally arduous, is that if privacy is to survive cooperation one ought not, by answering, to encourage others to ask questions which they have no right to ask, under a separation between church and state. It took courage on Jefferson's part to permit an unbridled press to harass him and to deprecate his policies, courage which perhaps no European of the time had. When Baron von Hum-

boldt, visiting the White House marvelled and complained at what he called, what aristocrats always call, license, Jefferson presented the most violent newspaper attack on himself, telling the aristocrat to show the paper in Europe as evidence that in America men of power were not afraid of powerless men; that indeed they were not afraid of any man however powerful, who, like a good sport of the human spirit, puts his trust in the free play of ideas.

There is, indeed, a magnanimity and a wisdom—yes, and courage, too—of democracy. Democrats are not afraid of the truth, and do not therefore require the officiousness of sectarianism to safeguard the truth. The pre-existent is not always or often the post-existent in the march of history. It was a wise man who said that only in graveyards are the causes and consequences the same. Democrats must put their confidence in change and so their trust where the joy of free men is, in ideological variety and in the most open range of action. They are not afraid of conflict; for, knowing its grounds, they have courage to face conflict with sportsmanship and thus make it the great constructive force which it is for truth and justice. It takes courage to find it out, but it is wisdom to know it, that, as Holmes says, "Life is painting a picture, not doing a sum." Courage based on such insight—courage to mix the colors and to risk a bet—proves, through the luck of an increment never fully earned, to be the deepest prudence. Freedom of criticism, as Walter Lippman observes, is not only other people's right, it is also our need.

As men come slowly to the courage of trusting ideological variety, to the rich rewards of ideas jostling each other and ideals impregnating each other with the very seeds of the opposite, so also they acquire

courage to trust to the mingling of races for a sturdier human stock. Only courage can dissipate color sectarianism, racial antagonism, restrictive covenants of culture, and the resulting impoverishment of human vision; for only courage can make one face up to the truth that superiority is altogether an axiological relativity and never a precipitate of accidents like color, creed, race, or politics.

The final courage of democracy, because the veritable gateway through which alone knowledge can find grounds for courage is the grace to believe, with fathers like Jefferson, that all men are everywhere and in all time equal, or at least that they ought everywhere and always to be treated as though they were. In that alternative there is a distinction almost paradoxical and yet a distinction which locates the deepest strategy and defines the highest courage of a society truly democratic. That men have the same capacities or the same specific virtues, or have any of either in identical degree, nobody has ever believed for long. Such faith would constitute the dogma of democracy, and democracy is the faith and practice that it is dogma which always shuts men off from truth and virtue. What is not dogma, though it requires courage to give it a trial, is this: that unless you begin, with childhood for instance, treating men as though they were equal, you will never find out where they truly differ and in what degree; and this means that you will sacrifice the precious contribution which difference, even difference in ability, makes to human society. Equality, far from being a dogma of absolute sameness, is a methodological device, the only one known to man, for saving virtue while acquiring variety.

The resolution to put such a method to the final test —in education, in government, in religion—is the high

courage on which democracy is now to be built internationally, if luck favor mankind's latest and largest venture. In comparison with this, the little loyalties of littler men appear for what they are: pusillanimous fears in a universe which invites us to the supreme reward of faith. It is easy for little men to fear little things. It is not hard for big men to fear big things. Only courageous men will fear the fearful things alone, for only they will brave the method of determining what is justly to be feared, what is realistically to be hoped. In our roomy American way there is no fitting place, save the seat of shame, for little souls: political partisans, I mean, who would elevate a favorite party above the sportsmanship of the two-party system; industrialists, I mean, who would put monopoly above the beneficence of open competition; religious devotees, I mean, who put sectarian comfort above the open skies of man's free spiritual life. But it takes wisdom to see this and high courage to sustain such wisdom.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, thrice wounded and ever brave on the field of battle, was wise in the ways of courage everywhere. He used to stand gazing at an old map of America upon which, beyond the territory charted, was the inscription: "*Terra incognita; hic sunt leones.*" "Terra incognita," Holmes would intone to himself, "hic sunt leones!" "But the brave adventurer, if he goes into these lands, will find far more asses than lions," Holmes would conclude. "There are few lions in this world."

There are still before us uncharted frontiers of justice: frontiers of color, of race, of creed. The courageous man will venture these, if not for their, then for his own sake. To disdain men for their color, to despise them for their race, to deprecate them for

their creed is truly to crucify one's own larger self. To succumb to sectarianism of whatever sort is but to go scavengering on the seashore of infinity when, but for the price of raising one's eyes from the beach, the vista grows endless of uplifting truth and justice catching up where the horizon of science fades off endlessly into the cosmic coloring of sunset. It is to the great adventure of this vision that I invite you, the quest for a more just justice, a more legal law, a more knowing knowledge. Yours is, for the asking, a faith fathered of high courage and mothered by a wisdom of man and nature which alone can provide Grecian grounds for the atomic age. Socrates is not obsolescent, whatever may be true of modern man. It is truer in our age of science than in his age of clairvoyance that "knowledge is virtue" and that courage, our most needed virtue, is "knowledge of the grounds of fear and hope."

# II.

## THE SIMPLE FAITH REQUIRED FOR JUSTICE

"*One is safe in trusting to courage and to time.*"
—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The simple faith required for justice, which our present title bespeaks, is the acceptance of equality as standard for the whole of life, corporate as well as personal. We have already glimpsed what the egalitarian principle means as standard of justice between persons. We have seen too in part, and shall see more, what sectarianism, secular and sacerdotal, does to this principle through its own logic of presumption. Friends of egalitarianism are our friends, its enemies, our enemies, as we now work for the United Nations and within its framework strive particularly to solve our most crucial international problem, relations with our own fearful equal in power, Russia. Courage to apply and to see applied this faith in equality to all *organizations* within our borders and to all *nations* beyond our borders is our primary reliance for a fruitful peace in an atomic age. While the greatest courage is not enough to resolve such problems purely *ex parte*, the initiative is rightly up to us, cynosure as we are of international eyes as touching the growth of justice throughout the world.

### I. SOVEREIGNTY AND THE EQUALITY OF STATES

Sovereignty is to corporate autonomy what equality is to individual integrity. We live in a corporate age

where free competition rather than elimination must be the watchword for "pressure groups" at home and for power groups abroad. Sovereignty for nations, and semi-sovereignty for "corporations," are quite as indispensable to group pride as equality of persons is to the self-respect of individuals. Nor is pride a quality we can do without, nationally or domestically. This all seems too obvious to be said, but when thoughtful men grow oblivious of the obvious, they must be reminded of the facts of collective life. Pertinent facts here are these: (1) great groups have achieved nationality (or corporate autonomy) through arduous exertions of which sovereignty is the prized symbol; (2) it is so indispensable to our human business that we'd have to invent "sovereignty" if we did not have it; (3) any fruitful inter-corporatism both obviously and profoundly depends upon the presence and a maturity of a multiplicity of autonomous but co-operative group units.

For brevity we shall now confine our discussion largely to national groups, but we wish the principle of our observations to apply to intra-national groupings. It is not for us as realists to disclaim against the inevitable, especially when it is the source of so much social power. "*Pressure* politics" is what domestic politics is about and "*power* politics" is what international politics is about. Our problem is to make both fruitful by inventing the machinery of the equal chance under conditions of free competition. Equality we already know to be not a quantitative formula but a faith in the future; a moral faith, too, since the giving of an equal chance makes men and organizations better than they otherwise would have been. It is the "more" which the faith yields that constitutes it moral.

As one gets these obvious facts back in focus, it seems more than likely that the recurring onslaught on national sovereignty does not ring right even its substance were true. It is a fact, of course, that, badly used, national power can balk common effort among nations, as Mussolini did and Hitler; and a fact also that such misuse of atomic power might now wreck the world. It is even truer, however, that what can now be achieved for good as between nations must for some continuing time also come from national power, properly used. It is said, however, that plural sovereignty makes impossible any great achievement, notably the achievement of durable peace. Must we not, therefore—it is asked as though a rhetorical question—must we not get rid of national sovereignty in order, specifically, to get rid of war? This is not a conclusive rhetorical question; it is a provocation diverting us from our goal. It is indeed a concealed argument shaky in substance and uncircumspect in strategy.

What idealist experienced in either politics or diplomacy does not know that "sovereignty" is the "white cow" of all collectivistic metaphysics? Now a *white* cow is nevertheless a *cow*. Cows are good beings, regardless of color; we need them in our business. What if a species that once gave good milk, however, now only oozes unction? Well, unction is as necessary for the pride of our corporate prime as whole milk was for our days of individual boyhood. White cows give a metaphysical milk that irreverent radicals profess to know not of. But there is a reverence properly reserved for instruments of growth which have to be promoted to symbols to keep them from being detriments to our further growing. This reverence requires us not to goad white cows. They're

harmless, beautiful, and useful if deferred to, but bad as bulls when goaded. They ought not to be goaded, anyhow, for they are cows and they are white. Milkers are good of course, but not invidiously good; for cows also serve our cause who only stay white and stand waiting for our worship.

In the same metaphysical frame of reference, does one not recall that Christianity never became militant against sin until it ceased to militate against itself by quarrelling over the Trinity? That hopeless argument at last foregone, three celestial powers, however related, worked as one against the devil, powers which, while argued about, only set believers by the ears. Are we moderns metaphysic-mongers or do we want to harness the atom to the service of the nations?

If we be practical idealists, as we profess, then let us know that the business of always raising previous questions, like that of sovereignty, is no way to settle any instant question, like the denationalization of nuclear energy. Nations are not going to give up what has made them nations, not yet, not soon. And that reverence for their past shows a wise instinct for value, a natural piety that is to be respected. Nationalism is the only way thus far through which men have escaped from provincialism. What has saved us from provincialism must accompany us somehow on our way to cosmopolitanism. Strong nations will not give up their autonomy, of which sovereignty is the precious symbol, and weak nations had better not do so. The attack on sovereignty appears, therefore, as a quixotic feinting at a symbol rather than a manly appropriation of the substance of prowess. Symbols should be flanked when otiose and drawn in our train rather than attacked and allowed to slow our advance. To accept and even to emphasize national sovereignty

adds nothing of evil to strong nations which they do not already have, whereas to deprecate sovereignty does take away from weak nations a symbol of virtue which in a pinch might save their integrity.

Deference to sovereignty is, moreover, more than mere linguistic strategy. It is an inexpensive, a courteous and not an ineffective way of symbolizing what equality there is between states without flying in the face of their actual and obvious inequalities. It is thus a prelude to justice. Nations, like individuals, must be given equality of consideration in order to find what each is good for and what inequality must be admitted on concrete grounds. The strong are not made stronger but the weak are made less weak by allowing each to claim equal sovereignty. Each will contribute to the common effort, anyhow, only what its actual strength makes possible and appropriate, whether of guns, men, or other collective means.

Where national sovereignty appears to stand in the way of international cooperation, it would probably be seen, in the absence of sovereignty, that something else still stands in the way. If Spain, for instance, did not have sovereignty to bristle about, would not Franco fall back on a crasser form of contrariety against democratic values? I suggest, therefore, that critics of national sovereignty are barking up the wrong tree and by their barking are, I fear, disturbing rather than furthering cooperation among the nations. By taking sovereignty for granted and so avoiding morbid preoccupation with this symbol of equal autonomy, our forty-eight sovereign units in America, for instance, have become more and more cooperative states. The strategy of deferring to, rather than the disdaining of, sovereignty serves the substance of cooperation, which is after all what we want.

To those who have already been alarmed from too much current bold talk of a sovereign world state, let us say, then, illustrating our strategy: "Your sovereignty? Why of course we would not ask you to give it up, any more than we'd give ours up. But, in the light of certain imminent atomic dangers we have in common, what do you say to making the first act of our cooperation as sovereigns the abolition, say, of the single veto power in the Security Council? This appears to my nation our one great offense against the only standard we have for international justice, the formal equality of all associated states. My nation wants nothing which we are not willing to allow other nations, and we are uneasy at undermining the Majesty of Justice from which we know our own sovereignty, even as a great power, draws its effective symbolism."

Such an approach to this metaphysical problem seems to me both more strategic and more just. We are not windmill-tilters nor logic choppers, deep in the heart of the atom. We are practical men seeking remedies for our fears and implementation for our hopes in an atomic age. To take another example of the strategy suggested, the immense merit of the suggestion made by the Lilienthal Board of Consultants is just this: to move forward through an Atomic Development Authority to the denationalization of the dangers and to the internationalization of the benefits of nuclear physics; and to do this without a word against national sovereignty or a word for some superstate sovereignty. To relate this to our bovine figure, the Lilienthal strategy would milk all the milkers regardless of their color, and do reverence at the same time to the cows that are simply and merely white. This is the spirit that will turn prowess into progress through statesmanship that is showmanlike and a showmanship that is statesmanlike.

Whatever grows out of this method of progression can sustain itself as progress. It permits to all cooperating units all sovereignty which they themselves find compatible with their cooperation. They give up nothing of what they want, and what of power they relinquish they gain in self-respect. Since sovereignty never claimed absoluteness anyhow save when absoluteness was denied it, the denial withheld, the affirmation is aborted. This is the advantage too of a federal organization of power, toward which all political progress moves, that it salves all organic units with full sovereignty of sentiment while so redistributing power as to get safely even if slowly done what all units want done. Looking toward this end through such means as we have been describing, I wish to submit now three propositions on what popular opinion calls "world government."

1. There is for the present crucial period no alternative to the United Nations that is worth discussing, since this type of organization represents the utter maximum of central power that patience is now able to achieve between the nations most concerned. How crucially true this is, is seen not only from the fact that it is the maximum Russia would abide but also from the fact that it is the maximum in the direction of centralization that the United States would accept. I am not against romantic devotees doing what they will with heaven nor against secular idealists disporting themselves on other planets. But it is neither useful nor right on earth for well-meaning men to cancel out the best efforts that well-meaning men have put forth. To fail to prize what is possible and so to work only gradually to what it is that one wants is perfectionistic perfidy in this triggerlike world of the atomic bomb: it is treason to a common cause and

denial of the urgency of the hour. For the hour is too perilous to be rash—to jump the guns on what we've got.

2. The United Nations itself represents a sort of world government; machinery of discussion is prelude to the discussion which is prelude to agreement which is absolute precondition, not to *any* world government but certainly to any unfearful type of central world power. Even this loose organization can become a means to greater success at control only through being made itself to succeed. If it fails through some misguided albeit conscientious withdrawal of efficiency from it, then the jig is up for world government in any foreseeable time, save through perhaps a cosmic tyranny which calamity and anarchy might in succession conspire to produce.

3. Not only is the United Nations organization the only means toward a world state, but it is already a realization in genius of the kind of end for which international means can be safely used. Though it may not illustrate the degree of centralization possible, it does body forth the spirit of organization and the type of power distribution which alone can safely allay the present danger from the bomb or can successfully face the positive problem of justice which new energy always creates when turned to peaceful use. The more that comes from it must be as voluntary as it and the principle of further growth must be no less gradualistic in temper.

Of the three propositions, about only the last am I willing to argue. It requires argument. The first two do not permit of argument. Anybody who thinks there is possible now, or can be made possible through his agitation, a type of world government alternative to the United Nations is too innocent of man and his

world to be argued with fruitfully; and anybody who believes that he can jump the guns on the only achievement that has proved practical in order to create an instrument which he himself thinks more perfect, is too wide a jumper not to clear the bounds of any logic which I can command. In a field where obviously none of us is all-wise, I must declare, nevertheless, my unfeigned surprise that men, otherwise intelligent and unquestionably honest, can talk so uncircumspectly about politics as certain advocates of a world state are now talking. They are but mouthpieces of a utopia made impossible by their talk.

When we scout the immediate perspective, however, and set out to think what it is we want in the long run, there is, as always, room for argument between reasonable men who want different things from life. The argument here is, generally speaking, between those who, unnerved with fear, fix upon a great hope of a centralized government and in doing so, willy-nilly, risk tyranny on a scale never seen on earth before and those who, tutored of the ancient fear of central power, must content themselves with the unearned increment of a moral faith which holds that men can and will gradually create new norms to keep power itself in check while they check also the danger of an atomic war. In this argument, it is not enough to generalize; we must grow as specific as we can in a situation not yet wholly crystallized. And we may lighten our hearts a moment in preparation for the specifications.

"Don't I argue? Don't I sputify?" inquired the backwoods preacher in Sandburg's folk tale. "Yes," responded the chairman of the complaints committee, "you do argue and you do sputify, but you don't tell wherein!"

Now I propose not only to tell the "wherein" of this faith in gradualism, but to disclose its "whereof", and then not to desist until I have unfolded, as far as may be, the "whereunto" of this moral faith.

The *wherein* of our faith in the dynamics of our present international situation is that it is federal in intent, falling short of the intent only through mutual fear. Not yet finished in form, therefore, the United Nations moves from pooled ideas toward federation of powers. (What imminently remains to be done as a minimum is to equalize the great and the small by removing the veto power of the great.) Now federalism, toward which the unity of nations moves, is the most potent social formula known to man. Nothing is foolproof against the will-to-power, and particularly is this true when men in a hurry for perfection get the power or even begin to articulate glowingly the symbols of power. Though not foolproof, federalism summarizes the principle found universally best for extending, with safety, the size of collectivities. With beautiful variety the same lesson emerges from the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

The U. K. has come to federalism by hard lessons from an Empire more tightly geared. The U. S. has come to federalism by hard lessons from a looser union of colonies united for limited ends. The U.S.S.R. has come toward federalism through cultural tolerance and the masquerade of political symbolism more gracious and more spacious than is as yet reflected in the Russian facts. But all of them have come toward if not to federalism, and the unity of their experience constitutes a lesson extremely hazardous to ignore in humanity's effort to perfect now the nature of its over-organization on a scale universal. I do not know

that anyone wishes to ignore it; but it is clear that impatience with the United Nations shows a failure to understand the nature and modus operandi of this potent form of human association toward which the United Nations gropes its way. Moreover, it is as much against future disgust with the tempo and the compromises of this type of government as against present discontent with its beginnings that I speak. Idealism is not patient. The maximum comes not by miracle but by faith put to strategic work.

Federalism will, I suppose, always seem a failure to impetuosity. It is slow, it is fumbling, it is noisy, it lacks concentrated power for urgent and instant use. It runs the risk of annihilation in order to escape the certainty of dissolution through tyranny. It operates through the consent of self-respecting sovereigns; and it depends wholly upon consent already achieved to broaden the borders of consent to be achieved. The only way to get a world government without it is by miracle, and that most likely fathered by the devil; and the only way to get a stronger world government through it is by the patience of gradualism and the presence of men stalwart enough to believe, with Holmes, that "one is safe in trusting to courage and to time."

Federalism is in fact a voluntary association of sovereign states in which each covenants to cooperate with all without asking any to give up its moral uniqueness, its equal dignity, or its corporate pride. The impossibility of proposals to circumvent the fumblings of international federalism or the equal impossibility to rush the form of cooperation already achieved by the United Nations into some high denouement of a powerful over-government, is seen in the corollary notion that we ought, must, and can get rid of national sovereignty sooner or later and mostly sooner.

It is the genius of federalism that its method of meeting problems is the more strategic one already illustrated as touching the accommodation of unit sovereignty to general security; and the more dangerous the problems are, the more federalism is tied down to this method. This follows from the fact that federalism is foresworn to full respect for all its constituent units (since alone in and through them is itself able to live and to function). It is the profundity of this genius which leads Quincy Wright, the international lawyer, to this cogent conclusion in seeking "The Historic Circumstances of Enduring Peace": "If our extraordinarily warlike age is to develop a period of peace . . . the world must be organized along Federal lines. A central authority able to prevent aggression must be established, but it must rest on democratic foundations."

That is the *wherein* of our faith in federalism: its inwards are right and its outwards are fair. The *whereof* flows from our fear and the *whereunto* is in pursuance of our hope.

The *whereof* of our faith in the United Nations arises from our fear of the misuse of atomic power. That fear ought to be substantially mollified by the fact that we, who have the bomb, are proponents of the United Nations, and are pushing procedures that will make it the responsible custodian as soon as such custody can be made to appear safe. In the nature of the case we have in part to be the judge of that safety. Other nations do not wholly trust us, as we would ourselves trust no other nation with such power monopolized even if not secreted. Such fear is natural but not crucial. As we have already said, the fear that moves them moves us also; and our joint and several fears are moving us all mightily, too mightily for the

good of our cause. What makes others swear at the pitching and tossings of our little internationship of state, makes me glad to have even this modest little bark as a home at sea. We might be out in the lifeboats or even in the water without boats at all. The United Nations organization, I mean to say, might have failed to materialize. It has cost sweat and workmanlike management. It deserves, deeply deserves, the complete loyalty of every single man who fears the worst while hoping for the best. I stand in reverent hope before its performance. To let fear drive you from such a bark into the sea is lunacy from too much baying at the moon. Courage is indeed sometimes fear, but it is fear of *understood* dangers. Fear that the United Nations will fail to control the bomb unless the organization is given more power than its sovereign elements can agree upon, constitutes the very danger which is feared. For *who*, pray, is to give it more power since the individual givers are the collective receivers? Only courage can give us, but courage can give us, the grace to understand what the danger actually is; and that understood we are well on our way to mastering our fear of one another, which for the moment is the only danger there is, and the only obstacle to a further pooling of our powers.

As fear is the "whereof" of our faith so its *whereunto* is now our hope. We know, but only in part, of what we hope. We hope that a new age of power will make available the plenty which for long has been visible to the few but unavailable to the many. As steam has lifted burdens from the backs of men and electricity has lighted their footsteps, so now atomic energy may bring food to all, clothing to all, health to all, and leisure to all. If only it bring faith in men that makes for justice. You think this too rosy? I

would not know. It is not as much as some of the scientists are promising. Why, by the time you finish a conspectus of scientific and pseudo-scientific predictions you feel certain, if male, that you'll never have halitosis again, come the atomic age; or lack for an hour, if you be female, the skin you like to touch, come the atomic age; or ever, be you male or female, ever, I say, grow old again, come the atomic age. I would not know, nor do I overwhelmingly care. A great new age is upon us. Little doubt of that. If we can master our fears by understanding their grounds, then we may surrender each to his own individual hopes.

Mine are not restricted to gadgets nor confined to comforts, though I am far from indifferent to either. As a statesman, I long still for justice, as I dreamed of it while yet a Texas boy; a break for every man, on equal terms and up to the level of each man's capacity. As a philosopher, I add to my human hope for gadgets and comforts and to my political hope for justice, the dream of a new and brighter day for that receptacle of all justice, the nebulous thing called the spirit of man. There is a plenitude in store for man not contained in the plenty which economic planners promise. That I would see for all men before my day on earth is done. It is nothing short of a new spiritual life which my moral faith bespeaks. The vistas that move me to this faith are not the dead plains of the pre-existent, dominated as they are by our human background, but they are the visible foothills of possibility rising in slow climax to the pinnacles of progress whose goal is as yet but dimly discerned. I speak of the old and inspiring prospect of the Fathers, glorified anew by subsequent American struggles and fulfilled in happiness which, now renewed by the promise of a cosmic

supply of energy, joins our faith to the faith of the fathers in "the perfectibility of mankind." This faith involves not only trust in vision but also confidence in man's present resources to budge himself bodily from where he is to where he would be. We climb mountains, says the sage of "White Tower," simply because the mountains are *there*. That is perhaps reason enough for courage with energy to fulfill itself in action. In that mood, let us, deferring the fuller discussion of this spiritual life which might attend an atomic age of peace, turn ourselves for the moment to our American relations with Russia, the fission which is cynosure for all fearful ones.

## II. MORAL FAITH AND RUSSO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

Never did one need more faith or need to watch his faith more carefully to see that it be not foolhardiness. It is Russia, however, which belongs to the United Nations, not communism or atheism. It is the United States which belongs to the United Nations, not capitalism or christianism. These are initially hopeful signs. Sectarianism only lurks, it is not seated at the conference tables. If capitalism had to come to terms with communism or theism with atheism around the tables, then would all be lost from the beginning, and we had as well call for the atomic bombs. Sectarianisms are the things for which men die and kill others, not necessarily the things for which men live.

There is a chance, I should myself say an excellent chance, for the Russian people and the American people, just as living struggling human beings, to get along with each other; and, through getting along just as human beings, to budge each other out of the stagnant reservoir of so much fear. Our reliance here is only what we have been calling moral faith. If this

be deprecated by those of esoteric faith, as a lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps, then let us see how very good indeed the bootstraps are. Both Russia and America make good leather.

We are both not only ideological exponents of equality, that ancient spring of justice, but we are both equal inside and outside the United Nations. We are equal enough in military strength so that the whole world joins us in picking each other as alone to be feared. The principle of equality and the fact of equality conspire to make it necessary and beneficent for us to get together. De Tocqueville, the clairvoyant French apostle of equality, foresaw this situation more than a hundred years ago.

"There are at the present time," he wrote in 1835, "two great nations in the world, which started from different points, but seem to tend toward the same end. I allude to the Russians and the Americans. . . . All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits . . . these alone are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which no limit can be perceived. The American struggles against the obstacles which nature opposes to him; the adversaries of the Russian are men. . . . The conquests of the American are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the Russian by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centers all authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

It appears now that we will sway those destinies together or wreck the world apart. Hope here is not without its strong ground. There is a certain robustness of living in Russia which reminds us Americans of our pioneer days, an enthusiasm for roominess and a willingness to accept strenuosity as the normal lot. There is indeed in both a robust will to live upon elementals when the hour of heroic action shuts us off from luxuries.

There runs deeper in us, deeper than our formal religions, the common moral notion that the meaning of life is in the living of life, that living is so good it does not have to look beyond itself for its justification. To expand one's energies, to let oneself out to the fullness of his powers, this is to live. At the highest level of ideality which it is capable of, this conception of life is best expressed by our Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "the root of joy as of duty is to put out all one's powers toward some great end." Nor is it merely an ideal; there is deep fellow-feeling between us and the Russian people as to how ideals themselves grow up and function, clairvoyance on the part of both peoples, as Holmes again expresses it, that "to act is to affirm the worth of an end, and to persist in affirming the worth of an end is to make an ideal."

We have both in our day lived hard and worked hard and loved hard and drunk hard; and this common strenuosity, not to say gustiness, has left as precipitate a shared ideal of what constitutes the good life. When this goodness of the end is tempered in Russia by the Marxian efficiency of the means, our two peoples understand each other all the more. There is between us this high secularity, which I shall presently further discuss as the pay-off on moral faith; but its advance shadow directs attention to what we must now re-

mark, a common meeting place for the political ideologies, which seem to sectarians to divide us.

This ideological compatibility manifests itself first economically and then politically.

Economically, we both alike want high production and wide distribution, and we both have resorted to corporate if not to collective arrangements to bring this double objective about. We both are motivated by the revolutionary aim of converting mass gains to mass ends. We Americans have entered the evolutionary phase of this hope, and have now much experience to offer the Russians as they too come along the path of disillusion which every revolution breeds. Rather, then, than be made fearful by Marxist preachment that men must own all productive means in common and must share fully (it used to be with them as never with us *equally*) the fruits of that joint ownership, let us revive our own moral pioneering tradition and rededicate ourselves to achieve through liberty, what Russia will not achieve without it, a plenty so plenteous as at length to abolish dire want among all citizens. If we lose that economic vision, we have already lost out in the world's fierce competition for the reputation of justice.

Where common men look up from their loads, no matter where, and see that they get less than they give, while others seem to get more, there the littlest heart will swell with communistic promises and may with impatience threaten the most massive barricades that can be built against humble hope. Kill that hope, and you break the mainspring of society; frustrate it, and you sit, however prettily, upon a steaming lid. But if we permit communistic promises to outweigh American performance, we're but letting Russia impose upon us a sort of Gresham's law of politics—that

the most reckless promisers can drive out the most careful performers. Russia has as yet hardly begun, save begun to write it on paper, the hard task at which we have a hundred years of success—economic prosperity *with* political liberty. Promises are but promises; performance is the pay-off. Yet there are signs of hope across this gap of communistic romance. As Russia moves from the Left of liquidation through differential wages and increased private ownership, we move from the Right of laissez-faire through subjecting to public control, or even to governmental ownership, whatever can be shown to be of crucial public concern. Both sectarianisms grow frazzled at the fringes, and might be knitted at the frazzles. If we could but keep as our joint vision this clear intent to convert mass gains to mass benefits, we would gradually extend, as we have already disclosed, a genuine area of economic give-and-take with Russia.

Ideologically, the contrast between us is wide but the meeting ground is even more clearly indicated. To begin with, Russia and we share a great revolutionary tradition. This is a tradition of love for mankind, which throws us both against Fascism and Nazism, revolutions of hate, with furious resolution and brings us closer together than we had ever been before. Our common memories, touched with deepest pathos, reach from Stalingrad to Pearl Harbor. Our joint type of revolution holds in common the great ideals of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

It is true that of these three ideals we Americans have specialized, as it were, on liberty, whereas the Russians have emphasized fraternity. Each has perhaps overdone its part, almost certainly has underdone the other's part. Liberty can turn to license and lead us to anarchy; fraternity can turn to meddling and lead

them to class frenzy. Each of our nations, with the defects of its high quality, needs the other's example to help it fulfill the quality of its defects.

Fortunately we have as our natural go-between, the ideal of equality, which we equally prize. Russia has had greatest success with equality in economic and cultural relations; we, in political and religious ones. Neither American liberty, however, nor Russian fraternity is so infallibly defined as not to permit of further refinement through the leaven of a competitive equality. Our political republic has perhaps little more to offer than it has to get from Russia's economic democracy; and her cultural and racial forbearance has not more to give than to receive from our glad toleration of all political differences. We stand alike exposed before the world, Russia and America, as joint pretenders to the perfectibility of mankind; but we require the supplement of each other's successes to prevent our own best efforts from becoming failures.

As between us, this is at present how the land seems to lie: government *for* the people? Yes, *both*. Government *of* the people? Yes, one; we. Government *by* the people—you mean by *all* the people? No, *neither*—not yet. Only a continuous application of our common concern with equal access to each other's experience can prevent Russia's overemphasis on comradeship and our one-sided emphasis upon individualism from frustrating our common devotion to that indivisibility of ideals which constitutes democracy and conditions justice as proper distribution of the swelling fruits expected of atomic energy.

Now, when we come to this pass, the time has arrived, according to the climactics of common practice, to introduce religion; for is not religion the syn-

thesis of all ideals with the additional virtue that it beams them all upon the field of practice? Well, perhaps. But, unfortunately, or fortunately, the term is not available to us with which to describe the highest community of ideals with Russia. Even if we be a religious nation, Russia isn't. She once boasted herself atheistic, and indeed still seems to fancy irreligion a universal goal worthy of the same kind of evangelism which hitherto has gone only into the propagation of some positive religious dogmas.

It is fortunate for our maturation, will we but rise to the challenge, that the first time we meet the problem of religions where we cannot resolve, or think we resolve, it through missionary zeal, we meet it on such difficult ground as to prompt us to become philosophers. Our democracy is venturing out for the first time into power-religion and doing it at the same time that it engages itself with power-politics at close quarters. First as military governors, then as civil governors, and last as cooperants in a world organization we now confront with one of the world's smaller-numbered religions, Christianity, the world's big religions, Mohammedanism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Buddhism.

### III. MORAL FAITH AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

In this man-size venture we need a standard, which no one religion can give us, to distinguish religion claimants; to separate sectarians from the saints. Sectarianism we easily see in others for what it is, the enemy of the open mind, of the generous heart, and of the expanding life. We know that it must be watched for in others as a sort of disguised diabolism. But in ourselves we do not naturally or easily discover sectarianism. It is indeed a disease of the conscience,

peculiar in this respect: that *only others, always others, seem to catch it.* By this test do you judge religious claimants; when one goes imperialistic and makes his dogma an object for export through attitudes of intolerance and agencies of power, it has become, or is fast becoming, a sectarianism which should be watched as a veritable diabolism. Let no halo of holiness distract your attention from its essential poison. That religion is bad for democracy, though only it is always bad, which does not admit other religions as equal competitors for truth and as colleagues in virtue.

Russia constitutes our best test case, to see whether we are canny and resilient enough for the Big League, which we are now entering sacerdotally as well as secularly. Russia forces us at once to change the venue. This will tax our energies and pain our piety, but it is for our good. Not that she should convert us *to* sectarianism, but that we should wean ourselves *from* sectarianism, wean ourselves without blinding ourselves to the growing powers of the sectaries. When, for instance, atheists achieve miracles at which believers can but stand and stare, the man of natural piety will want to take counsel with his own naked soul. When indeed materialists can put the fear of God into Nazi and Fascist anti-christs and can make to glow again in even Christian hovels the hope for economic justice, then it behooves observant men sharply to reinspect the foundations of their own faith in justice.

If we can discover moral grounds magnanimous enough on which to come to terms with irreligious Russia in the name of a common life of the human spirit, we will, in solving a pressing problem, have also evolved a pattern adequate for us to meet the age-old conflicts of the great religions on a scale truly

international. This problem represents the climax of all our ideological rapprochement and deserves to be met as the all-human problem of spirituality. Its solution is the goal of the moral faith.

Fortunate for the whole world it is that Thomas Jefferson lived and wrought, and glorious for our pride and sanity that he was an American (he it was indeed who coined the term "Americanism"). Look you now to a summary of what this Jefferson did in this final field of human tensions: by statute he stopped the sects in Virginia from the age-old practice of cutting each others' throats out of sheer excess of saintliness gone sectarian. He completed for all mankind the tolerance doctrine by making it include the irreligious on absolutely equal terms with the religious; and he got written into our Federal Constitution the wholesome notion of a piety transcending, but including, all religions. (His own philosophy on the point was pungently put: "It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg.") And he fathered at last the greatest constitutional contribution America has made to the world, the clear separation of church and state. Best of all, as himself a secular saint, he set us a noble example by suffering in silence continuous persecution from sectaries of every "Christian" sort rather than to buy his peace by answering questions which, as he said, nobody had a right to ask him.

Russia, having now learned to tolerate religion, is meeting us half way on moral ground prepared for the world by our Thomas Jefferson. Worse than being sectarian is to become a persecutor of the sects. Russia's constitution, like ours, provides now for complete separation of church and state; and hers then

chinks the crack which we have been letting grow into a crevice, by providing separation also of church and school. Here is a vigilance against the covert will-to-power which we do well to relearn from Russia, if only to teach it to Japan, where we've had to cauterize Shinto's blatant will to state power, and later perhaps to reteach it to Russia in some future pinch of her own, if she falls again before the guiles of an old and wily sectarianism sacerdotal in nature.

The separation of the will-to-power and the will-to-perfection constitutes for all of us a common vantage of the highest moment. This basic doctrine which we share with Russia does not require that anyone *out*grow his religion but only that he *over*grow sectarianism so as to *in*grow spirituality. To meet Russia beyond sectarianism, on some high cosmopolitanism which fulfills the aggressions of atheism and the aspirations of unsectarian theism, would be to establish with her a new vantage for all, a vantage roomy enough to illustrate if not to constitute a proper definition for the *spiritual life*.

### IV. AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO MORAL FAITH

There is vast room for faith and very little inducement to despair in the survey now completed of hope and fear as touching Russia. Therefore, let no timid soul, nor liberal fatigued in the fight, rise to say that the quality of hope-for-perfection and fear-of-power operative in the present U. N. cannot be made productive of the greatest ends. These two incompatible lovers have indeed been bedded together since time began, and their progeny it is which continues to rule the world. The greatest statesman knows that diplomacy is just this, and the humblest philosopher knows that this is what life's about: to unite indis-

solubly man's will-to-power and his will-to-perfection so that power may sustain his ideals while ideals sublimate his fears. But this formal union can come only through actual separation. All progress is thus dual: it takes more than pacifists to build a peace; it takes more than militarists to win a war. In both processes alike we deal with all the complexities of man's life, real and ideal, natural and social; but amid these complexities the eye of faith in human potency may discern an enduring verity here and there to lure the vision and to sustain the soul in its long quest. Greatest of these verities is courage, and greatest of its forms is fearlessness in extending the provincial into the universal. The only way for mankind to rid itself of genuine evils, as Mr. Justice Holmes used to say, is for us men to "grow more civilized."

It is just such an extension which best interprets our whole constitutional system and which best illustrates the high meaning of this spiritual community with Russia. In that spirit let me summarize with an eye to our history the inner essence of the American contribution to moral faith.

1. We Americans believe in the separation of man's will-to-power from his will-to-perfection, no more to save the church and other ideal agencies from coercion than to save the state from fanaticism; and most of all to free men's minds so that they may be fertile in spiritual inventiveness and yield each of us a wider choice among competing "perfections."

2. We believe in the superiority of civil over military power, so that the springs of virtue may not be frozen at their source; and we believe this more deeply than any nation has ever believed it before.

3. We believe not only in the subordination of the military but also in the division of all civil power it-

self so that it, weak as it is thus made, may never become strong enough to dominate our individual lives. Our Founding Fathers made weakest the Federal government, stronger the weaker state governments, and strongest of all the weakest of all, the individual citizens. America believes, that is, that all power belongs to the people; that in farming it out to get things done, the people do not alienate it but keep it on leash, to be recalled and corrected upon any show of presumption. We climax this preference for perfection over power by giving the final voice in government to the judicial department, which is not only the weakest of our three branches but is so weak that it has no power at all: not one plane or ship or gun, not so much as a single policeman. Let this doctrine of judicial supremacy attest to the ultimate toughness of our faith, that our last American reliance is not on power at all, but upon the influence of reason and the invincibility of justice.

That is the threefold faith upon which our fathers founded this republic. We, their sons and daughters, whether we came on the Mayflower or "had our own boats", have never strayed far from that foundation, not so far at least that we cannot recover its vantage when the winds of tyranny begin to blow our way. As current testament to this faith, note our reaction to our latest and greatest achievement of power, the atomic bomb: surely the most remarkable reaction ever given by a great people to their own magnificent creativity. Powerful as that bomb is, our people estimate as much more potent the national strength of character not to use it but to hold it, almost apologetically, in trust for all mankind, and to share this new source of energy at the earliest moment compatible with our responsibility as creators of it and

as custodians of peace for the peoples of the world.

Our national trinity of faith boils down to this simple unity: the individual human being is the be-all and the end-all of earth. Power exists for his perfection, not he for its perpetration. Not only have we been prepared to die for this faith, but we are also prepared to live for it, and to help create for it new international machinery. Let this be, therefore, our final rainbow of promise across all gulfs to Russia: that we believe in them because we believe in ourselves. Our faith is in man, and on his future we are willing to risk our all.

With growing knowledge of the high import of such faith in the perfectibility of mankind, and with growing courage to explore what is common between the world's two greatest collective idealisms, America and Russia may face hopefully the future—the future and their fate. "Fate" advisedly, for these two peoples must meet, as we have said, without benefit of clergy. Deity itself grows dim with ambiguity when self-confident atheists and dogmatic theists have to save the world from the atomic fury which either as sectarians might eventually release. What though providence recede in mist when most man needs its smile? There remain those cosmic energies which anciently have raised successive heavens from the void, fructifying still man's creative imagination and fortifying his moral will with the hope of two billion souls that they will not have to quit this goodly earth through atomic war an hour before their appointed time. Man himself, who envisions from nothingness the better-yet-to-be, may at last become his own tragic Atlas, bearing up collectively—like the growing, groaning god he is—the heavy mission of his own inspiring rectitude.

Here is high ground indeed, yea, the highest, for hope of rapprochement with Russia and through that for a growingly effective union with all nations in the United Nations: the discovery that the true life of spirit is larger than any 'ism, capitalism or communism; larger than any church or all churches; larger than any sect, or all sectarianisms,—as indeed the whole is larger than the parts. The spiritual life of mankind is at least one size too large to be exhausted by any or all versions, or even by any or all visions of it. It must include art and science, work and play, politics and sport, action and contemplation—and of course all competing sectarianism of every sort; it must accept these and civilize them with that spirit of accommodation which abides deep difference as inevitable and steadily makes of conflict the most dynamic element of life itself. The spiritual life is the very genius of growth.

We seem prepared to treat in this spirit our present conflict with Russia. Since these Russo-American relations appear to be the immediate bottleneck of the nations, let us see and candidly admit that the initiative to break it is up to us. Rather than bringing other pressures to bear upon our diplomats and nationally elected officials, let us for the moment not scatter our shots beyond this bull's-eye: that since we have both the bombs to wage war and also the deep democratic will to peace, the solemn duty is ours: (1) to open as soon as may be once more the international channels of scientific communication, full, free, and frank; (2) to share immediately all the benefits of nuclear research that are non-military in significance; and (3) to push as rapidly as possible for an international authority, with federalism as its goal, to be responsible for every aspect of atomic power that is

spelled red with danger. Not only is this the generous and sportsmanlike course at this cosmic crossroads, it is also the prudent thing to do; and the doing of it is our democratic contribution to the larger vistas which constitute the spiritual life of mankind.

That spiritual life has two sides, corridors between which constitute the dual communication that gives life its major dynamics. There is not only this public aspect labelled Justice and presided over by democratic politics intent upon equality, but another aspect whereunto this is in all truth but the means. That other aspect of the life of spirit is man's protected privacy wherein may grow to flowering the imaginative seedlings of art, of science, of religion—and also of the very politics which protects this privacy from the encroachment of external power. The doctrine of corporate equality which enables voluntary associations to thrive, and, thriving, to offer half-way houses of hospitality to man's social hunger, this doctrine of equality finds its full meaning in the privacy of life where every man is king, king of those no less kingly than himself. It is this fecund kingship of man's imaginative prowess which gives birth to all that's noble and to much that's mean in human history. From it as focal point of what's divine rise gods with the angelic hosts that attend them; and, to save the sovereign self of man from boredom that too many beatitudes can yield, rise also therefrom the dark-winged minions of *diabolus*. This is in truth the spiritual life of mankind, sometimes personalized, always variegated, potentially benevolent and now and then actually so. It is only in imagination that evil can be good.

While we do not have to follow George Santayana to his most attenuated end in finding spirit's only de-

pendable food "the very forms of the illusions by which we have been deceived," we do well, nevertheless, to understand with this wise philosopher that—

> Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
> Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
> To trust the soul's invincible surmise
> Was all his science and his only art.

"To trust the soul's invincible surmise"—that is the faith of the moralist in the potency of man to effect his own release from danger, yea, from atomic danger, and to turn instruments of destruction into agencies for human good.

### V. MORAL FAITH RELAXED IN THE DETACHMENT OF HUMOR

If modern men be not civilized enough to find common ground in some joint "invincible surmise" of universal spirit, then the world will wreck itself anyway on what is supposed to save it, namely, on idealism poisoned with provincialism. And if the debacle must come through sectarianism, there is less irony in juxtaposing the two greatest sects, theists-atheists, than in having the world's great religions themselves, which presumably adore a common deity, fall upon each other's necks over variant interpretations of the will of a joint Creator.

But it is a sight filled with grim humor, to think of mankind frustrating itself on what is advertised to fulfill it. If a man from Mars observed our plight, would he not be forced to burst out with raucous laughter? Well, perhaps no,—being from Mars. But what of the gods themselves, who, if they leave off their own quarrelling, must see us with more detachment? They would be devils to laugh at us, but

could they possibly restrain a smile at the paradox of him who is their nearest created kin, if not indeed their creator, acting as though he were an utter alien to every form of godlike grace?

> Why this proud piety, that dares to pray
> For a world wider than the heaven's cope?
> Farewell, my burden! No more will I bear
> The foolish load of my fond faith's despair,
> But trip the idle race with careless feet.
> The crown of olive let another wear;
> It is my crown to mock the runner's heat,
> With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet.

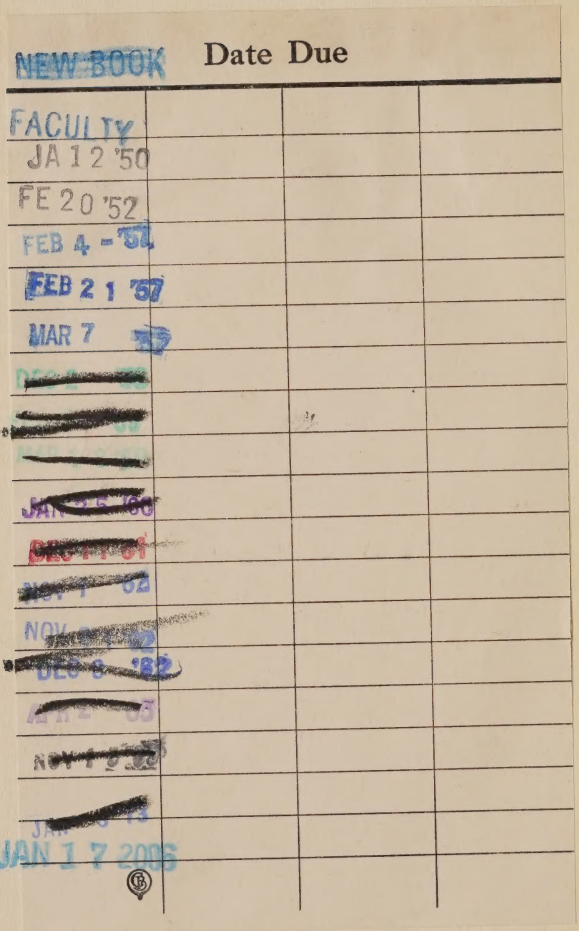
Through that momentary mood of Santayana, the wit and the poetic philosopher, let me pass to my final point. All this high fancy, vaunting itself to the very apex of spiritual life, may indeed prove an inadequate approach to lasting give-and-take with Russia, and, if so, prove the doom of the United Nations. Let me therefore propose at the end another approach to be used ere the curtain fall, a strategy less high tensional than any moral appeal. If we are to go to cataclysm, let us go like Sir Thomas Moore to the gallows – high-humored. Tears will not make the atomic bomb a whit less searing. Humor can lighten the murkiest day. There is, I hope, an ethics of humor not less than of high seriousness. If not, there is a use of humor the results of which conscience may at times approve more than it approves its own high tensionality.

If the strong logic of an atomic age does not drive us two great nations to the prudence of making the United Nations work; if the chance for fresh pioneer nations like ours, with much in common as a tradition, does not catch our fancy and inflame to common

action our imaginations to build a new temple to humanity more roomy and beautiful than any built on earth before; if the mystic chords of memory stretching from fresh graves to fresher graves of millions mourned each by someone as though he alone were dead, cannot touch to pure pity the better angels of our natures,—then, changing gears from high to low, I propose that we call a mighty Russo-American mass meeting (it will cost much less than war, even if we bring millions to it). Let us locate it, unself-righteously enough, either in Siberia or Harlem, and open it with frank appeal to cosmic humor. I propose the ritual phrase attributed to the ancient Japanese: "Ladies and Gentlemen, let us all now laugh!"

But the setting for this, our last fling, must be just so. To the right of the stage, therefore, display Mark Twain's final testament to our own sense of humor: "Do right always; this will gratify some persons—and will astonish the rest." To the left of the stage, exhibit the marvellous Russian proverb, as profound as gay: "Only he who tickles himself may laugh as he likes." At the very center of the stage, and well above the speakers so that all may see, illuminate with radioactive borders these lines from a freshman college girl (I forget whether American, Russian, or Chinese; but at any rate a mother of the future):

> Better to drink life in one hour,
> And flit across the sun,
> Than sip pale years and cower
> Before oblivion.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